Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

RULES OF DESCENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

AS LAID DOWN BY KENT IN 1831.

1. If one dies owning an estate,
   It lineally must gravitate.
   If but one heir, it will annex
   To him or her in spite of sex;
   If there be more, as well there may,
   They all shall take "per capita."

2. But if degrees perchance there be,
   Of different consanguinity,
   As sons and grandsons, all shall take,
   And an estate in common make;
   But such grandsons have cause to fear it,
   They'll not an item more inherit
   Than would have been their father's share,
   Had he been the living heir.

3. But if the owner meets his fate—
   No lineal heir to his estate,
   We've dared the common law to mend,
   And his estate shall now ascend.

4. Again: in case the owner do
   Lack issue and lack parents too,
   His brothers and his sisters shall
   Succeed by rules collateral.
   If brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces,
   They then will take in equal pieces;
   If some be dead, some living be,
   They'll take by nearness of degree.

5. And in default of father, mother,
   And nephews, nieces, sisters, brother,
   Or issue, the estate can't fail,
   But yet it will rise above them all.

6. Again: and if perchance there shall
   Be no descendants lineal—
   If parents, brothers, sisters, none,
   With their descendants 'neath the sun,
   Nor the grandparents, the estate
   Shall, by unerring legal fate,
   Unto the aunts and uncles wend,
   And those who from them may descend:
   If equally related, they
   Will take their part "per capita."
   But if in different degrees,
   They all shall then take "per stirpes."

7. Provided, if the intestate had
   Derived his living from his Dad,
   It shall to aunts and uncles slide,
   And issue on the father's side;
   And if none such there be perchance,
   Then to the uncles and the aunts,
   On the maternal side 'twill go;
   And this rule works "e converso."

8. This 8th, last rule, it seems to me,
   Is rather stiff for poetry.
   —*T. D. Davidson, in Southern Law Journal.*

ANNA CARTER.

I was walking in Chestnut Street, in the great mining camp on the carbonates. I had been crowded by the dense throng from the sidewalk into the street. A galloping horse was jerked back on his haunches by my side. An active figure sprang from the saddle, and before me stood Henry Watson, with outstretched hand. Clasping palms, we gazed at each other for an instant. Then he said, "I am very glad to see you. This is not a place to greet each other after a thirteen years' separation. I am at the Occidental Hotel. I will wait for you there this evening." The pressure of our hands tightened for an instant. He leaped on his horse. I saw the spurs stuck into the animal's side, and, with a great leap, the horse bounded up the hill on a gallop.

That evening we dined together. After supper, drawing his chair nearer to mine as though in need of aid or sympathy, he, in a low voice told me of his life.

"You remember that I left the Sandy Run coal mines, where we worked together, because I saw the specters of the Welsh miners who were killed in the gangway by the explosion of gas, and went into the anthracite regions. I was refused work at the first mine I stopped at, and I decided to walk over the mountains to another mine. I started on my journey through the woods early in the morning. Walking briskly I was at the summit of the divide by noon. I saw a column of smoke rising from the valley, several miles to the south of where I was standing, and I knew it marked the location of the mine. Resuming my walk, I descended the rugged timber-clad mountain flanks obliquely. After walking a few hours I came to an irregular cottage, made by standing oak slabs, with the rough bark on them, upright in the lean, rocky soil, in a small enclosure. The cottage and surrounding fence were covered with vines, bright with many flowers. A well-beaten path led from the house to a huge moss-grown rock a short distance to one side. Directly beneath, in the valley, stood the plant of a great mine. Clustered around the mine-buildings were irregular rows of shabby houses, that I well knew were foul with smoke and coal dust. A railroad terminated at the breaker in a couple of tracks and a huge Y. I heard the voice of a woman singing an old English ballad. I turned to the quarter the voice came from and saw a graceful girl walking from the house down the path. She had a water-bucket in her hand. A desire to board at the house made of slabs took possession of me. I grew thirsty, also. Rising, I shouldered my sack of tools and walked rapidly to the rock. The woman did not see me until I was within ten feet of her. To my surprise, I saw a young and handsome woman who had an intelligent face. I was no longer thirsty. I spoke respectfully to her, asking the name of the mine below us. There was a quick look of alarm in her blue eyes as she looked at the canvas sack that I laid carefully on the rock. She raised her eyes to my face when she heard my question, and answered me pleasantly. I asked her name. 'Anna Carter,' she replied. Then I asked if I could get board at her father's house. Quickly she looked at me. Her eyes filled with tears as she replied: "I have no father. He is dead." She would ask her mother if I might board with them, adding frankly that they were very poor, and the money I paid them for my board would be a great help to them. We went to the house. Her mother was a thin, wan woman of about forty-five, evidently greatly shaken. She sat in a low arm-chair by an open window. Her thin hands were crossed in her lap. Her hair was gray. There was an absent, far-away expression in her eyes and on her face. She impressed me as one patiently waiting for the coming of death. She listened to my request, and turning to her daughter said, 'He can live with us if you desire it, Anna.' With a pleased look the girl said she thought it best, and showed me a little room that she said was to be mine. Not doubting that I could get work, I paid Anna two months board in advance, and promising to be back by dark, went down to the superintendent's office in the village. To my great astonishment, he told me the mine was full-handed. I knew he lied. I walked up the dingy streets wondering what I had better do. Dropping into a saloon, I met Fred Haskell. He was an Andersonville prison comrade of mine. Our greeting over, I stated my case to him. He said he was working in the mine, and in sore need of a comrade. Hastily drinking a mug of ale he had in his hand, he took my arm and we walked out into the street.

"'Whom did you apply to for work?' he asked. 'The superintendent,' I replied. 'Bless your innocent heart, you are not in the Broad Top region nor at Pittsburgh. We manage differently here. You must see the man who is supposed to be at the head of the Molly Maguires of this district. He alone can employ you. The mine manager can not, dare not, give you work. I will arrange matters for you.' Passing through a few short dirty streets, we came to a dingy saloon, in front of which a huge green harp, freshly painted, swung creaking on its hinges. A low murmur of many voices came floating out. A strong smell of alcohol pervaded the air in front of the open door. Entering, I saw a throng of miners. All were smoking and drinking. The voices instantly hushed. With thumps the filled and empty glasses were set down on bar or tables. Fierce glances were cast on us. I saw threatening gestures made as Celt whispered to Celt that we were Englishmen. Haskell pushed up to the bar and asked if Mr. Donavan was in. The barkeeper surlily replied that he was in the back room. We knocked on the door. A sharp voice bade us enter. Before a coal fire sat a thin-featured, black-eyed, light-haired Irishman, who arose and greeted Haskell kindly. He was tall, and his face was remarkable for the great breadth of the jaws and the heavy squareness of the chin. I was introduced, and Haskell stated my case briefly. He said he wanted me for a comrade, and significantly added that I was to board with Mrs. Carter, and that she was in great need of money. Gravely Mr. Donavan replied: 'Mr. Watson, you may venture to work with Mr. Haskell. I will see the underground boss, and, as he is a friend of mine, I think he will consent, and add your name to the pay-roll.' I took leave of my friend, and walked up the mountain to the slab-house.

"I worked steadily in the mine. Slowly I grew to love Anna. Two years passed. Anna's mother looked on me as an elder son. I had been appointed to take charge of the miners engaged in withdrawing the pillars of an exhausted boundary. I expected to be promoted on the successful completion of this work. Then my future would be secure. I should be a mine manager in a few years. So confident was I of success that Anna and I arranged to be married on her birthday in the coming fall. The appointment to oversee the withdrawing of the pillars was actually my ruin. Of course I fell out with some of the miners, who were robbing the near-by pillars before the distant ones had been cut out, and they complained to the Molly Maguires. The society demanded my discharge from the manager. He promptly complied with the demand. I went at once to Donavan and asked him if it was the intention of the Molly Maguires to drive me from the mine, or if I would be allowed to take my pick and earn my bread there. We had a stormy interview. Finally he suggested that I apply to the manager next morning for a room."

Watson sat silently in his chair for an instant. Then, calling for fresh cigars, we lit them. He mused for a few minutes, and then said: "Incredible as it may seem to you, I trusted him after having cowed him. I applied for a room the next morning, and had one directly off the main gangway assigned to me. Fred Haskell had almost finished working out an old room further down the gangway. When he finished he was to join me. Until that time I was to work alone. Willie was then eleven years old, and from a doorkeeper had risen to be a mule driver. He drove on the main gangway. He usually brought me my empty cars.

"One day, shortly after my trouble with Donavan, I walked to the entrance of my room with a bundle of picks and drills that I wished to send to the blacksmith shop. I intended to wait until Willie passed and ask him to take them to the shop for me. Standing waiting within the entrance of my room, I took my lamp from my head and hung it on the wall. Then, leaning against the coal, I looked down the gangway. Far down the great underground avenue I thought I saw the dim outline of a figure gliding stealthily from timber to timber. I lost sight of it immediately, and smiling to myself at seeing one of my Welsh ghosts, I lit a pipe and smoked. Again I saw the figure, so faint and dim in the gloom that I could see it only by straining my eyes, flit in and out among the timbers, then spring lightly on the road-bed and walk cautiously, lightly along. With a flash, as if light had burst on my brain, I realized that I had been condemned by the Molly Maguires, and that the figure I saw was their executioner coming to kill me. I stepped back to my lamp, blew it out, and grasping a pick, I stationed myself behind the first set of timbers at the entrance of my room and waited. My only salvation was to kill the man lurking behind the timbers below me. Standing in the gloom of the entrance to my room, driver after driver passed me, and neither they nor their mules saw me. The last train of cars was drawn by a white mule, and I knew that it was Willie's train. This mule caught a glimpse of a blackened figure standing motionless behind a great oak post. He shied slightly. I trusted that Willie, who was courageous and keen-witted, would notice the movement of the mule and divine its cause. I sprang from behind the post. Raising my pick as if about to strike, I extended my left arm, as though pointing down the great avenue. Turning my face to the passing cars, I stood motionless. Willie had noticed the motion of his mule. Jumping from the last car, where he had been riding, he swung his lighted lamp into the opening that led to my room, as he passed it. His eyes alone betrayed that they had seen me. They flew wide open, then almost closed, and he passed on, not having missed a step. I saw him blow his light out. He knew I had had a rupture with Donavan, and, though he could not know what my present trouble was, he knew I had urgent need of help. Greatly relieved, I stepped behind the post and watched for the reappearance of the phantom-like figure. The coal cars swept around a curve. One by one their lights disappeared, and the grimy avenue was deserted and silent. The faint, yellow, sickly flames of the widely separated permanent lamps only served to reveal the intense blackness of the passage-way. With strained eyes I strove to penetrate the gloom. Soon I saw the specter-like figure glide out from behind the timbers and stand for an instant irresolutely between the iron rails, apparently examining the avenue to see if it were unoccupied. Satisfied that it was deserted, the figure, bending low, came slowly toward me. To my horror, I saw a second figure come stealthily out and follow the first. The second moved faster than the first, and gained quickly on it. The first figure stopped to listen. Instantly the second disappeared. The dull reports of distant blasting made the heavy, smoke-laden air quiver, and the first figure vanished before the air ceased vibrating. The play of the two figures began to wear on me. I half believed they were specters. I grew desperate and waited greedily for their reappearance and approach. Out stepped the first one. I decided to rush on him as soon as he got within eight or ten yards of me and crush him before the other came up. From behind the timbers the second figure emerged and glided after the first. The leader stopped to listen. Again the hindermost disappeared. I then realized that the second figure was hunting the first, who was hunting me. From that moment I knew that Willie had slipped into Haskell's room as he passed it and told him of seeing me standing at the entrance of my room, and knew the second figure was Haskell. I knew, too, that the slayer was to be slain, that death lurked close behind him, and I waited with absolute unconcern for it to fall on him. The shadows glided noiselessly on, coming nearer and nearer to me and to each other. The air grew heavy and foul with the smoke of the exploded powder, almost veiling the figures from my view. Now I could see a part of an arm or leg; then the head of the first would be visible, and only the arms and body of the second; then, as the smoke floated by, the whole of their forms would be indistinctly seen. At last the first figure stood motionless in front of my room, peering into the impenetrable blackness that was before him like a wall. I raised my sharp pick and leaned forward to strike him dead. I was just about to deliver the blow when Haskell noiselessly came behind him. I stayed my hand to let Haskell have the satisfaction of sinking a pick to the eye in the assassin's brain. There was a whiz in the air, a sharp blow, and an indistinct heap of something lying on the tramway.

"'Are you there, Watson?' in a whisper. 'Yes.' 'Help me with him. We will bury him in your goof.' We dragged him in and buried him deep. Then, putting in a top shot, we knocked fifty tons of slate down on his body. Grasping my hand, Haskell said: 'You will have to get away from here to-night. He will be missed by nine o'clock, when the society meets. Go to the surface as soon as it is dark. Bid Anna good-by, and get away at once. I will not be suspected. You will be killed to-night if you remain. Get out of the anthracite regions.' I went to the surface in the last car. Hastening from the shaft to the house, I saw Anna standing at the gate waiting for me. She cheerfully asked: 'What makes you so late? I feared an accident in the mine.' Before I could answer she ran into the house to prepare supper. I thoughtlessly followed. On entering the room she saw blood on my hands and clothing. Anxious, alarmed, she asked if I was hurt. Assuring her that I was uninjured, I went into my room, washed, and put on my holiday clothes. Excitedly Anna looked at me when I reentered the kitchen, but said nothing until I had eaten my supper. Then, standing in front of me, she clasped my hands, and looking into my eyes said: 'Tell me the truth. Have you had trouble with the Molly Maguires?' I told the story briefly. Her mother had entered the kitchen, and, standing by Anna's side, heard all. Both women said: 'You must leave here instantly. You will be killed for this before morning if you stay. If you escape and can be found you will be brought back and convicted of murder by false testimony.'

"Anna kept our money. She went to a little hole in the slab and drew out a roll of bills and handed it to me, saying: 'I thought we would have this to start in our married life with; but we can not think of that now.' Tears filled her eyes as she saw our happiness passing away. I divided the money, giving her two-thirds. Then, thinking I heard whispering and light footsteps on the mountain side below the house, I passed out of the back door. Anna clasped her arms around my neck, and whispering, 'Do not write, as the postmarks will betray your whereabouts,' kissed me and said, 'Make haste, my love,' and turning, entered the house and closed the door behind her. I sprang lightly over the vine-clad fence and was in the forest. I walked over the mountains, and by daybreak was at a railroad flag-station. I flagged the first train that passed, got on, went to Harrisburg, and from there direct to Leavenworth. From there I wrote to Anna, saying that I could not tell her where to write to me, even if she dared, but that as soon as the power of the Molly Maguires was broken I would return to her. I joined a party of miners and went to Montana with them. I made a fortune in the Little Blackfoot diggings. My comrade in mining on this gulch was a Missourian, a gentleman. When he returned East I gave him money and a letter to deliver to Anna. He returned the letter and money to me, saying he could not find Anna. I engaged in quartz mining, and had great success. Years passed by, and I drifted up and down the Rocky Mountains, making money out of every mine I bought. I finally drifted into the San Juan country. While there I saw in the papers that the Molly Maguires had fallen into the hands of the law, and that the reign of terror was over. I started on my return at once. Arriving at the village, I found only a few charred and blackened ruins of the house where my happiest days had been passed. The miners I knew when I worked in the mine had left the works. The keeper of the saloon where I had first met Donavan was in jail, under sentence of death. I had an interview with him. In the presence of death he had softened a little and probably uttered the truth. He told me that daily for two years a young girl had asked for Anna Carter's mail. The society got the letter I wrote from Leavenworth. After waiting two years and not hearing further from me, and believing that Anna heard from me, they, in revenge, burned her home. Her mother and Willie were burned to death. Anna left the town after the funeral, and the Molly Maguires, not doubting that she was going to join me, had one of their men follow her to New York. There he lost sight of her. I gave up all hopes of finding her, and returned to the San Juan. I do not suppose I shall ever see her again. The thought that she may be in want, that she may be sick, that she is slowly wearing her life out waiting for me, and the knowledge that she is alone in the world, haunts me constantly." Watson sat silent in his chair. There was not a shadow of doubt of the girl's constancy in my friend's mind. I excused myself, after promising to breakfast with Watson the next day. At the hotel the next morning I found him in a high state of excitement, that he vainly strove to conceal. He was exceedingly restless during the meal. Noticing my inquiring looks, he flushed, and with a fretful oath, exclaimed: "No. I have not been drinking. Meeting you has brought back the past so vividly that I could not sleep last night. I am nervous and irritable. Let us walk."

There had been a sharp change in the temperature. The streets of Leadville were white with newly fallen snow, and the air was thick with snow flakes. On coming to the main street we saw an ambulance slowly moving up the hill. Watson spoke to the driver, saying, "Have you patients for the hospital?" "Yes," he answered, "some of the smelters are leaded, and there are some cases of pneumonia." Turning about, Watson said: "Let us go to the Hospital. I have been here six weeks, and, to my shame be it said, I have not been near the hospital nor given it a dollar. I will go up now and make amends for my neglect." We followed the ambulance up the hill and entered the building. There were some dead men there. There were many who would never leave the house alive. In one ward were many plants and vines growing in pots and tin cans. This ward was scrupulously neat and sweet. There were ten or twelve sick men lying on as many cots. They were queerly irritable and unreasonable. We did not receive a civil answer from any of them. All looked as if the mere presence of a healthy man was an insult to them—a cowardly insult, inflicted when they were unable to resent it. At the further end of the room a woman stood, her back toward us. She bent over a sick man; then, seating herself on the edge of his cot, seemed to be feeding him with a spoon. Watson regarded her with a pleased look on his face, and he walked toward her. Standing at the foot of the cot, we listened to her talking cheerily to the sick man, and good-humoredly laughing when he denounced the fellow who invented gruel and demanded fried oysters. I was startled by a clutch on my shoulder. I turned quickly to my comrade, and was shocked at the change in him. His eyes fairly blazed; his face was white, his lips firmly compressed, and his nostrils were expanded and quivering. His chest heaved painfully. I could feel his pulse throb as his wrist pressed against my neck. The sick man turned in his bed. I saw the petulant look flit from his face, and one of angry fear take its place. Then the dim eyes of the sick man flamed with the dauntless courage of the American miner as he glared at the specter standing motionless at the foot of his bed. The woman, seeing the look on the face of her patient, sprang up and wheeled angrily around. She looked at Watson. The blood left her face, her eyes opened widely, her lips slightly parted. She stood firmly for an instant, then wavered as if about to fall. Watson sprang to her side, and, encircling her with his arms, drew her to his breast. She recovered and struggled weakly to free herself. Closer and closer she was drawn to my friend's heart. Bending over her, he kissed her lips passionately. Her arms coiled around his neck, and I heard the murmurs, "Anna!" "Henry!"

I was alone when I walked back through the dead and dying and out into the snow-mantled street.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Glaring at a Sleeper.

THIRTY years ago, one of the popular lecturers in this country was Henry Giles, an Irish Unitarian clergyman. Now, at an advanced age and paralyzed, he is forgotten, save by those who provide for his wants. "Templeton," the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*, tells the following anecdote of the once-noted man. "He was a man of large self-esteem, and considerable capacity of self-assertion, which stood in the way of his success in the ministry. I call to mind one incident which it was my fate to witness. Mr. Giles was engaged one summer Sunday to preach in a town about ten miles from Boston. He stood up in the pulpit to announce his text. Exactly at the same moment, a tired farmer, who occupied a conspicuous pew in front of the pulpit, drew a red silk handkerchief from his pocket, deliberately spreading it over his own bald head and forehead to protect them from the flies, and resigned himself to slumber. This was too much for the dignity of Mr. Giles. He stopped, shut his sermon, and began to glare at the somnolent parishioner. The latter rested in serene unconsciousness, while the rest of the congregation looked to see how this singular duel would end. The silence became protracted, till all at once it appeared to occur to the individual who was the cause of it that it was worth while to ascertain what it was all about. He removed his handkerchief and looked up, only to find himself fixed by the glittering eye of the preacher, and by the eyes of everybody else! With a convulsive start, he abandoned all thought of a nap that day, and the sermon went on. In fact, it was a pretty lively congregation for a hot Sunday.'

THERE are only four ladies living whose husbands were Presidents of the United States—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant.

The Exact Popular Vote at the Recent Election.

The exact popular result of the Presidential election has been long in dispute, our system of electing President and Vice-President not requiring official consolidation of the popular vote. The *Enquirer* has placed itself in communication with the proper officials of every State in the Union, and has obtained from the Secretaries of State or Returning Boards the full official returns of the whole vote. The following table has been prepared with great care, and the proof diligently compared with the letters of the officials above indicated. It will be noted that General Hancock's popular majority over General Garfield is 8,106, and that in a total vote of 9,169,213, General Garfield is in a minority of 336,045.

Following is the table, which is official:

STATES.	*Garfield.*	*Hancock.*	*Weaver.*	*Phelps.*	*Dow.*	*Scattering.*
Alabama	55809	89778	4534	....	....	....
Arkansas	41661	60489	4079	....	....	....
California	80273	80336	3574	....	....	72
Colorado	27450	24647	1436	....	....	74
Connecticut	67067	64407	330	2	861	....
Delaware	14138	15172	121	....	....	....
Florida	2486	27025	....	....	....	45
Georgia	54086	102470	968	....	....	....
Illinois	318637	277321	26358	153	443	....
Indiana	232146	208275	10023	....	....	....
Iowa	183904	105845	32327	433	162	378
Kansas	121549	59801	19851	10	25	....
Kentucky	106.59	149068	11499	....	230	....
Louisiana	28297	65067	10340	....	442	218
Maine	74439	65171	4405	....	93	142
Maryland	78515	93706	825	....	....	....
Massachu'ts	165301	112010	4544	....	712	407
Michigan	185190	131301	34895	320	943	....
Minnesota	93393	53315	3297	....	286	....
Mississippi	34854	75750	5797	....	....	677
Missouri	153567	202609	35045	....	....	....
Nebraska	54979	28523	3955	....	....	8
Nevada	8732	9613	....	....	....	....
N. Hampsh'e	44852	40794	528	....	140	....
New Jersey	120555	122295	2617	....	191	....
New York	555544	534511	12373	75	1517	....
N. Carolina	115616	124204	1134	....	....	....
Ohio	375048	340831	6457	....	2616	....
Oregon	20619	19055	255	1	....	....
Penn'a	444704	407428	20568	41	1039	....
Rhode Island	18195	10779	276	4	2	1
S. Carolina	57806	112488	544	....	....	....
Tennessee	107877	125191	5440	....	45	....
Texas	58200	156000	26750	....	....	....
Vermont	45091	18192	1212	....	1	109
Virginia	83634	128158	5	....	....	....
W. Virginia	46243	57391	9037	....	....	....
Wisconsin	144398	114544	7988	91	68	....
Total	4416581	4424630	313833	1133	10791	2122

Whole vote	9,169,213
Hancock over Garfield	8,106
Garfield's minority	336,045

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Very Good Reason for His Silence.

The friends of Mr. Conkling have announced that he will not make any reply to the speech of Senator Butler, in which Mr. Conkling's gross misrepresentation of the South Carolina census was handled as it deserved.

As a reason for the Senator's wonderful forbearance, in this case, it is asserted that, as he desires to beat some of Mr. Hayes' nominations, he will not stir up the feelings of Democratic Senators.

This is more ingenious than truthful. The real reason why Mr. Conkling will not answer that speech resides in the stubborn fact that the speech is unanswerable. Mr. Conkling did make false accusations of gross frauds. He made them on the stump and in his most insolent vein. Mr. Conkling has known for some months, if he did not know when he was on the stump, that the charges he then made were utterly devoid of truth.

But while Mr. Conkling has been fully aware that he made false and libelous charges, while Mr. Conkling has been proven by the highest official authority to have uttered untruths, he has taken no step to put himself right. He was thus in a position where Mr. Butler found it easy to expose him to the country as a culminator.

No reply is possible, for all the facts are against Mr. Conkling, and he is wise in deciding to accept his castigation in a submissive spirit.—*Washington Post.*

Garfield's Advantage Over His Predecessors.

With the beginning of Garfield's Presidential term began the twenty-first year of Republican Administration. Four Republicans have occupied the Executive chair since the last Democrat sat there. Mr. Garfield is the fifth, and aside from his personal qualifications, whatever they may be, he has one important advantage over these predecessors; an advantage which ought not to be overlooked, and of which, so far as we are aware, no mention has yet been made. The war practically monopolized Mr. Lincoln's time and attention, leaving no room for anything else. Had he lived to complete his second term there is no doubt he would have done much toward that permanent pacification the attainment of which was his highest ambition. Cut down at the threshold of a new career, the work he had marked out was handed over to a successor not nearly so well fitted for it. Mr. Johnson lacked that thorough knowledge of the situation and of political human nature, that wonderful political instinct and tact, and, above all, that personal prestige which Lincoln possessed; and his failure in carrying out the pacification programme was a foregone conclusion. His four years were virtually wasted; indeed, though his intentions were pure and patriotic, he left the country in some respects worse than he found it. The unfortunate antagonism between the Executive and Congress stirred up a great deal of bad blood, kept alive the hatreds of the war, radicalized the Republican party, and instead of the restoration of the Union gave us reconstruction. Grant was elected on the "Let us have peace" platform, but at once turned his back upon it and labored for eight years to make reconstruction a fixed fact. It is by no means certain, however, that he could have fulfilled his promise if he had tried. Radicalism was still dominant and the Republican leaders considered peace and a restored Union of small consequence compared with the Republicanization of the South through the negro vote and Federal bayonet. Grant drifted with the party current and aggravated the evils he was pledged to resist. Under his Administration the negro vote and Federal bayonet produced such disgraceful and dangerous results that public opinion emphatically repudiated these instrumentalities. The time was ripe for a change, but Mr. Hayes was not the man to inaugurate a change. His reputation and ability were small, his nomination was an accident and his election a fraud. Republicans had no special love for him and Democrats regarded him as a usurper. The latter gave him all the assistance in their power in his dealing with the Southern question, because his policy was theirs; but the former for that very reason opposed it, and by reviving the dead issue of sectionalism robbed Southern self-government of its most valuable fruit. If Mr. Hayes could have secured the indorsement of his party in his settlement of the vexed question, "the Solid South" would never have been used to frighten fools and encourage knaves, and we should now be enjoying that complete National unity which Lincoln planned sixteen years ago.

Mr. Garfield's advantage over his four immediate predecessors is this: The common-sense of the people, regardless of party, demands the consummation of long-delayed National unity. It demands that the South be let alone to manage her own affairs in her own way, subject only to the Constitution and the laws. It demands that, whether solidly Democratic or solidly Republican, the South shall not be disturbed by Federal interference, and that everything Federal authority can do to draw the two sections closer together shall be done. Stalwartism is capable of much mischief in other quarters, but in its relations to the South it is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." No amount of stalwart pressure can accomplish that general overturning in Southern matters which stalwart organs and orators advocated during the late campaign. If Mr. Garfield were in full sympathy with the radical wing of his party on this point—which he is not—he would not dare to undo what his predecessor has done. The strongest Republican Congress would promptly reject any Presidential proposition which involved even the partial re-establishment of the iniquitous system which collapsed in 1877. To all intents and purposes, then, Mr. Garfield has a clear Southern road before him, however rough it may be here and there. The obstacle with which every Republican President heretofore has had to contend is so nearly removed that it need give him no serious trouble. He can afford to let the stalwarts clamor as much as they please for a revolution in the Southern policy, for they represent only an insignificant minority of their own party, and have no hold whatever upon popular opinion. The country will tolerate almost anything else from the new President except an attempt to unsettle what is now in a fair way for permanent settlement. Consequently the situation as he finds it will harmonize with the views he has expressed, and Mr. Garfield has only to put these views into practice to be what his four Republican predecessors were not, the Chief Magistrate of a Union restored in the spirit as well as in the letter.—*St. Louis Republican.*

POLITICAL POINTS.

——The sound of the breaking of chains in Philadelphia, the other day, was no doubt heard by the Camerons.

——One of the Kentucky Turners, in describing John Sherman the other day, said that the frigid Secretary could be fed on melted lava for six months and then vomit slush ice.

——Don Cameron is beginning to lose his interest in Pennsylvania politics. And politicians are beginning to lose their interest in Don Cameron. A boss who is no boss is nobody at all.

—— There can scarcely be a doubt that a breach will be made, if one does not already exist, between Mr. Conkling and the incoming Administration. It is inevitable. Mr. Conkling's pride and arrogance have not diminished with his growing years, and he has the faculty of making himself extremely offensive by his assumptions.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—— Mr. Hooker, of Mississippi, hit the nail on the head when he stated in the House of Representatives at Washington the other day that the negroes of the South, as soon as they learn that Democracy means cheap Government, begin to vote the Democratic ticket. This fact, he declared, accounts for the disappearance of the Republican vote in Mississippi and other Southern States. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

——"How are the mighty fallen!" The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking of the effort making to have Garfield follow in Hayes' footsteps in the matter of abstinence from everything stronger than Roman punch, says: "It is to be hoped that he will not follow that example in pardoning and restoring to commands drunken officers who have been court-martialed and cashiered for disgraceful inebriation, a thing his temperance predecessor has done in nearly every instance."

——Senator Thurman leaves the Senate with the respect and affection of even the most bitter of his political opponents. They admit, and willingly admit, that he is honest, courteous, able, patriotic and public spirited, a statesmanlike and dignified representative of his State and an honor to the Senate. They feel toward him as Mr. Beecher did when asked where a man, who had lived a blameless, charitable, upright life, but without a belief in creeds, would go to when he died: "He will have my best wishes wherever he goes," replied Beecher.—*Detroit Free Press.*

——The President of the United States is sworn to defend and support the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution of the United States declares emphatically that the President of the United States shall take care that the laws of the United States shall be faithfully executed. One law of the United States prohibits the making of any advances whatever upon account of service to the United States. Hardly had Rutherford B. Hayes sworn his fealty to the instrument which required him as President to take care that the laws should be faithfully executed, than he proceeded to take care that one of them should be flagrantly violated, inasmuch as he demanded his own payment in advance, notwithstanding the plain letter of the law, to which his attention was called by the disbursing officer. The United States never before had as Chief-Executive a person who willfully perjured himself for the sake of gaining thirty days' interest on $4,000. The man is about to quit public employment, and the country will be far from sorry. Thrift is commendable. A combination of perjury and penuriousness is not wanted in the White House.—*Chicago Times.*